

PRINCESS IN AGAIN WITH TROLEANS AND A BABY LION

We Have With Us Also Edna Goodrich and Mrs. Jackson Gouraud.

MR. AND MRS. SOTHERN.

And Last, but Not Least, Mrs. Schumann-Heink With a Bunch of Contracts.

The Princess Vilma Lwoff Parlaghy surrounded by servants in gray Tyrolean liveries came to town today on the Kaiserin Augusta Victoria and moved on the Plaza Hotel. The butler, the valet, the riding master, her secretary, Frederick Deltus, and her physician, Dr. Stibel, were much concerned over the landing of the Princess's year old lion cub which was given to her by General Daniel E. Stokes when she was here last spring.

The lion will not go to the Plaza but will be boarded at the Zoological Gardens in the Bronx. On board ship, the captain, who did not thank the Princess for bringing the beast aboard, had him crated and put in the hold. When the Princess is at home the cub has quarters in her castle at St. Jean, near Nice.

The Princess painted portraits and also drives a four-in-hand. On the same ship were Edna Goodrich, the last wife of Nat Goodwin up to this writing, and E. H. Sothern and his bride, Julia Marlowe, who were married on Aug. 17.

Mrs. Goodrich denied that she had married again, saying that she did not even know the man with whom her name had been connected in Broadway rumors. She had not heard that W. E. D. Stokes had sued her for \$2,000 on the lease of the apartments in which she lived with Goodwin at the Ansonia. Mrs. Goodrich said that she had a verbal agreement with Stokes, cancelling the lease, she learned at the reported attack by Goodwin on the prenuptial settlement made on her.

Mrs. Jackson Gouraud, very much improved in health, was also a passenger. She said she had thoroughly enjoyed her summer in Paris and is going to buy a house there. "But that doesn't mean," she explained, "that I have any idea of ever spending my winters anywhere but on good old Broadway." Her adopted daughters, Yvonne and Dolores, were with her.

Schumann-Heink, another of the Kaiserin's passengers, said that she had come for a season's concert singing. She was happy over contracts running clear through until 1913.

HORSES RUN WILD THROUGH STREETS IN HARLEM BLAZE

Many Tenement Dwellers Routed Out by Explosion That Preceded the Fire.

A hundred and fifty horses stampeded through upper Manhattan and Harlem early this morning during a fire that did \$50,000 damage to the stables, outlying and surrounding part of the Mutual Cream and Ice Company, Nos. 222 to 224 West 142nd street and 149th street.

The fire was preceded by an explosion that drove the horses into the streets. The explosion was caused by a gas leak from a stove in a tenement house. The fire spread rapidly, burning for several hours before being brought under control.

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FIRM BANQUETS TYPIST. She Is Going to Be Married and Employers Give Her Send-Off.

Miss Laura Gosling, for eight years head stenographer of the Surgical Supply Importing Company, No. 23 West Nineteenth street, is a very happy young woman. Not only is she to be married next month, but the members of the firm thought so much of her that they gave a banquet in her honor the day she left them.

How the 16,000 Young Nephews of Uncle Sam on the Great Battleship Fleet Now in North River Enjoy Life in Floating Homes That Cost Six Millions Each



"Rather Have a \$600 Home in My Own Town," Says One, Despite the Many Ways Devised for Jackies and Marines to Pass Time When Off Duty.

BY NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH

Have you been to any of Uncle Sam's receptions this week? Of course, you know Uncle Sam is at home on board any and all of the eighteen battleships stretching their mighty length in the North River these days, and if you want to attend the greatest social novelty of the season, an afternoon reception overflowing with young men, run out to the Connecticut, the Michigan, the North Dakota or any other ship you happen to favor, and shake good old Uncle Samuel's hand.

The journey is worth your while, if only to show you what a benevolent Uncle the old gentleman is to the 16,000 sailors and marines aboard his battleships. Incidentally, you may thrill with patriotic pride at the sight of so many of Uncle Sam's fighting nephews.

The freedom of the ship will be yours, and you will see and learn many things about Jack Tar's daily life which will interest you immensely. At least, they interested me yesterday afternoon.

Even the physical aspect of that long gray line of fighting machines is well worth the trip up the North River. The battleships, as perhaps you know, are not white any more. They are painted what the sailors know as the "war color," a lowering leaden gray that makes them look like so many war clouds looming grimly over the city.

Their color and their peculiar military masts—massive structures of steel erected in a heavy lacework of ropes and ladders climbing to and winking into a sort of turret at the top—suggest, at first sight, that Brooklyn Bridge has strayed into the North River and has decided to take a little walk up to Albany.

For the gray and tarred masts seem to grow through the mists of yesterday afternoon, and just like the piers, and rising and losing themselves one after another in the sky, which was painted the "war color," as if in honor of the battleships, reproduced the lacy silhouette of the most beautiful of bridges.

MANY OF THE NEPHEWS ARE ASHORE THESE DAYS.

The crews of the battleships average 300 sailors and marines, but of course you won't see nearly so many of them as the number implies. So many of Uncle Sam's nephews have gone ashore.

Perhaps the first thing you see is the "holsters' mess," a small inclosure on the main deck where a waitressed waiter, who is usually engaged in getting dinner. The officers of the Connecticut must have had a mishap good dinner yesterday, for in their mess I saw, among other things, heaps of young equip, picked and stuffed and all ready for the caserole. And, oh! the state of the officers' lexicon on board the Connecticut—a perfect disintegration of an lexicon, headed straight for the land of the unknown.

Further along one came to the mess dining room, a bare stretch of deck, with the dining tables folded and fastened into the ceiling, which extends from iron bands ready to clutch the hammocks which swing from the ceiling.

Every young one came to the mess dining room, a bare stretch of deck, with the dining tables folded and fastened into the ceiling, which extends from iron bands ready to clutch the hammocks which swing from the ceiling.

There's a regular bed with steel springs, instead of hammocks. I don't know or understand anything about beds. There are, I know, slouch hats that cost \$20 a shot to fire in war time, and there are rifles, good for three miles and a half, one for every sailor. But cannon and rifles and all that sort of thing are the alphabet of a lot of language to me.

If you want to know about them you must go and see them. And the trip, I repeat, is worth your while. War, with its music, its banners, its smoking sacrifice of blood, broods over the battleships. Death perches with folded hands and an undertaker's smile aloft on the "military mass." But the truth of the flag as somewhere the ragtime melody begins, "Strike up the band—here comes a sailor!"

"The papers call this our \$5,000,000 home," he said, indicating his battleship with a discouraged gesture, "but I'd rather have a \$600 home in my own town in Pennsylvania. I never would have collected if I'd had sense enough to know that two years ago."

But when you go to the battleships you won't meet this young fellow. You'll see the brightly polished guns, the shining decks, your heart will beat faster and your shining eyes salute the flag as somewhere the ragtime melody begins, "Strike up the band—here comes a sailor!"

His clothes in repair, Jack pays for their ministrations out of his own pocket, but his tailor doesn't charge. Fifth avenue prices are the rule. On the same deck with the tailor shop where the whirling of sewing machines is lost occasionally in the brazen clamor of the ship's band is the barber shop. You can't visit the battleships without seeing some barber or Jackie getting shaved or having his hair cut.

IT'S A NO-TIP SHOP, FOR THEY FUNCH A TICKET.

And I'm sure New York men will be interested to learn that in Uncle Sam's barber shops tips are strictly forbidden. Jack doesn't pay cash for his shave or hair cut. Instead he gets what he calls a trust ticket, a piece of green pasteboard which may be punched like a meal ticket, and which is marked all over with figures—50—one or a nickel for a shave, three or fifteen cents for a hair cut.

Jack keeps his clothes in a large bag which looks like a potato sack. But his treasures—the letters from his mother, the photograph of the girl he left behind him, are hoarded in what he calls a "ditty box," a square black wooden receptacle which also contains his brush and comb and toothbrush.

From A. M. When he rises till about noon Jack is very busy. After that he does practically as he pleases. There is a piano on every battleship about which Jack may select anything his musical taste approves from Victor Herbert to Debussy.

But Jack's recreation is not confined to musical selections. Two or three times a week he is treated to a moving picture show. Every battleship carries its own moving picture machine and cherishes also its own cartoonist. But the cartoonist is strictly anonymous. For Jack Tar is a sudden soul, and if he didn't happen to like a humorous rendition of his features or character, might wreak summary vengeance upon the artist.

Besides a love for music and moving pictures, Jack shows strong inclination toward the manly virtues. Each ship has its football and baseball teams, and many a long evening at sea is shortened by a boxing match between the sailors.

Every ship has its post-office window, before which expectant Jackies stand in the night and morning during the distribution of letters from home. And there is the ship's band. On the Connecticut, the flagship of the Atlantic fleet, a full-blooded Indian is numbered among the musicians. He is No. 2 of the band and plays the saxophone.

Perhaps you don't know there are four decks to a battleship. Taking them from top to bottom, one sees the superstructure, the main deck, the gun deck and the berth deck. On the berth deck are the quarters of the petty officers, who have regular beds with steel springs, instead of hammocks.

I don't know or understand anything about guns. There are, I know, slouch hats that cost \$20 a shot to fire in war time, and there are rifles, good for three miles and a half, one for every sailor. But cannon and rifles and all that sort of thing are the alphabet of a lot of language to me.

BOLD KIDNAPPERS DODGE DETECTIVES WITH GIRL VICTIM

Police Can Find No Trace of Men Who Drove Young Woman Away.

A systematic search was begun today for the foreign settlements of Queens Borough for some traces of nineteen-year-old Frances Lecrasse, who was kidnapped by three men yesterday morning as she entered the loft building at No. 134 Boerum street, a block away from her home, where she was employed. The men seized her and stifled her screams with a handkerchief. Two of the men carried her to a coach which rolled up in response to a signal, and another of the trio held at bay with two revolvers the crowd which quickly gathered in the vicinity.

Michael Muncarta, an unwelcome suitor for the girl's hand, who had been ordered to stay away from the house and had vowed to get the girl at all hazards, could not be located yesterday. Mrs. Marie Lacarrie, the girl's mother, said that she believed that Muncarta, who lives somewhere on Johnson avenue, near Humboldt street, had kidnapped her daughter with the aid of some of his friends. When an Evening World reporter called at the house this morning he found Mrs. Lacarrie in the kitchen. After the last of the kidnappers had jumped into it, the driver whipped up his horses, and sped away in the direction of Bushwick avenue, outdistancing a score or more of pursuers.

Some of those who chased the coach say that they saw it turn into Johnson avenue, the street where Muncarta lives. From this street there is a direct road to the less settled portions of Queens. A canvass of the livery stables in the vicinity failed to disclose where the coach had been hired. All day yesterday the bridge approaches and the ferries were watched, but no vehicle answering the description of the sought-for coach was seen.

Poling New Battalion Chief.

Fire Commissioner Johnson announced yesterday that he had promoted Capt. Samuel Poling of engine No. 62 to the grade of Battalion Chief, in place of the late William Devlin, who lost his life at a fire in Mercer street several weeks ago.

Dock Company Award Set Aside.

The Appeals Division in Brooklyn by unanimous decision yesterday refused to confirm the report of commissioners who awarded the New York Dock Company \$100,000 for damage done its property at the foot of Joralemon street, that borough, by the building of the subway. The Public Service Commission opposed the award as excessive. The case is sent back to the commission for a new assessment.

BLACK CATS FOR LUCK OWLS FOR WISDOM WITCHES FOR SKILL.

Dennison's Hallowe'en Specialties

Have been prepared with the aid of all three.

Visit our Art Departments

Dennison Mfg. Co.

THE TAG MAKERS

15 John St. 15 W. 27th St. New York.

\$190,000 SAVING BY CONSTRUCTING BRICK FIRE HOUSES

\$31,603 Reduction From Concrete Bids on Four Stations to Be Built Now.

Figures submitted today by the executive committee of the Greater New York Brick Manufacturers' Association, of which Frank M. Patterson, a lawyer, is chairman, show that Fire Commissioner Johnson's decision to build the twenty-one new fire houses of brick, instead of concrete, will mean a saving to the city of approximately \$190,000.

Work on four new houses will begin at once. These are located on Fulton street, west of Broadway, on Hudson and Eighth street, Fifth street and Lexington avenue and at One Hundred and Eleventh street and First avenue. By using brick on these four houses, Mr. Patterson points out that Commissioner Johnson is making a saving of \$18,000, which, he adds, may well be adapted toward equipping the new Fire Prevention Bureau.

The Fire Department had specifications drawn for the twenty-one new houses in concrete. July 31 last the Commissioner opened bids and found that only three contractors had figured. These estimates far exceeded the appropriation. The committee, comprising Mr. Patterson, Frank Grady and Thomas P. Buckley then induced the Department to ask brick contracts on four of the houses. These bids were opened today. The difference in cost between brick and concrete construction is shown by the following table:

	Brick	Concrete
181st street	\$65,730	\$78,000
Fulton street	34,274	41,309
Fifth and Lexington	23,444	57,674
111th and First avenue	62,723	73,000
Total	\$126,171	\$249,973
Saving in brick structures		\$131,603
Total saving on twenty-one houses		\$190,000

The remaining seventeen houses will be advertised next month. The fact that the only structures left standing after the Austin, Pa., flood disaster were of brick was used as an argument. The concrete houses were swept away.

OMITTED BEDROCK "KEY" WAS CAUSE OF DAM DISASTER

Specified in Plans for Austin Structure, but Not Put In, Says Inspector.

OLEAN, N. Y., Oct. 28.—That the bedrock "key," specified in the plans for the Austin dam, was omitted in the work of construction, is the conclusion of Alexander R. McKim, New York state inspector of dams and locks, who has just returned from an inspection of the scene of the Austin disaster. Inspector McKim's deductions have been embodied in a report to the State Department.

"It was an appalling mistake," said Mr. McKim. "The plans called for a four by four key in bedrock and I cannot conceive why it was omitted."

MISS BACON THROWN OUT.

Miss Martha Bacon, daughter of Robert Bacon, Ambassador to France, was thrown from her cart yesterday afternoon on the Jericho turnpike, near Wheatley Hills, Long Island, when a racing automobile passed her and made her horse bolt. Beyond a bad shaking up she escaped injury. Friends carried her to the home of Mrs. E. D. Morgan, where she has been visiting since the accident.

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EXCEPTIONAL FREE TRIAL OFFER

PLEXO

Asks you to accept a full size 25-cent can of PLEXO Tooth Powder FREE

This liberal method of advertising is expensive, but well worth the cost, for PLEXO wants the public appreciation of the fact that there is a PLEXO Preparation for every need. Keep your teeth and mouth right, and your general health will always be good. PLEXO Tooth Powder will do this for you. Regular night and morning brushing of the teeth with PLEXO Tooth Powder is the surest course of mouth-hygiene. Being antiseptic it destroys the germs—this prevents decay. To prove its superiority quickly

ONE MILLION FULL SIZE 25-cent CANS OF PLEXO TOOTH POWDER Will Be Given Away Oct. 30 to Nov. 4

From October 30th to November 4th every dealer and druggist in Greater New York will accept the coupon printed below at its full value of 25 cents in exchange for a can of PLEXO Tooth Powder. From every purchaser of a 25-cent jar of either PLEXO Gressless or PLEXO Cleansing Cream

PLEXO GREASELESS CREAM

A natural and protective skin protector absorbed by the pores, penetrating to the lowest skin layers, enabling the skin to repel the attacks of all kinds of weather.

PLEXO CLEANSING CREAM

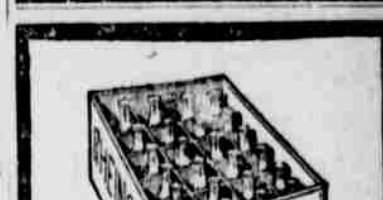
One of the two essential creams to be used for a clear, clean, fresh complexion: a delightfully refreshing clean-up after being exposed to the dust and rough work of out-of-doors.

There is a PLEXO PREPARATION for Every TOILET Need

USE THIS COUPON

M. Address. Leaving purchased a 25-cent jar of Greaseless or Cleansing Cream has received from me FREE a 25-cent can of PLEXO Tooth Powder. Dealer. Address. Jobber. In every package of PLEXO Tooth Powder is a coupon bearing a number. Your druggist will take this coupon and return to PLEXO Preparations with this newspaper coupon and receive credit for the Tooth Powder given you with his and our compliments.

Bacon house was burned last week. The horse ran away and was badly hurt. Miss Bacon was driving to the old home site at the time.



\$1 A CASE in Greater New York

For the best beer brewed—Rheingold Beer. If you pay more for beer, you pay for the label on the bottle, not the contents.

PALE RIPE RHEINGOLD

Brewed in Brooklyn by S. Liebmann's Sons, sold by all dealers.

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